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Barrett says: "Nor was there any respect in which his stories or jokes were less commendable than those of worthy people in general" (II, 378). The only place where this attribute of carefully arranged and meaningless propriety is for an instant forgotten is when, in treating of experiences at the bar, the biographer tells of a fugitive-slave case in which Lincoln represented the owner, and observes: "It can hardly be supposed that Lincoln was at all disappointed in losing his case. It is a relief, however, to have so good a proof—after all that has been told to the contrary—that he had no invincible objection to a good client with a bad cause" (I, 56). This seems to me a most unfortunate incident to seize upon for an attempted first plunge into unfettered thinking, and it is recorded here, merely in justice, as the one case observed in two long volumes.

Lincoln was a man peculiarly ill adapted to dull and formal treatment, and peculiarly inspiring to any American with live thought and the zest for life. It is surprising, perhaps, that a biographer with such exceptional opportunities should be able to narrate nothing that is exclusively his own, but it is hardly less surprising that he should have been able to tell the well-known circumstances once again, and with elaboration, without striking off one page that really reflects anything of the moving, swarming scenes in which Lincoln lived, or of his own extremely vital personality.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

*Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900.*  
(Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.  
1904. Two vols., pp. xi, 393; vi, 393.)

HENRY VILLARD, *né* Hilgard, having lived a rather gay life as a *Korps* student at Munich and thus incurred debts that he could not settle, was overcome by dread of the paternal wrath, of which he had already had much experience, and therefore migrated to America at the age of eighteen. His purpose was to repair his finances and on the basis of this to rehabilitate himself with the irate parent. The young man's chief equipment for his task seems to have been an abysmal ignorance of everything that could possibly contribute to a career in this country, beginning with the language. Yet forty years later he was able to commit to writing these memoirs, which embody the record of an influential participation in events, and a familiar intercourse with men whose mark has been most deeply impressed on the history not only of America but also of the whole civilized world.

The two volumes now published contain seven books devoted to his experiences, first in getting on his feet, as a law-student and general adventurer in the west, second as a newspaper reporter and correspondent in the same region, and third as a very successful war correspondent in both east and west during the Civil War. An eighth book covers the financial career through which he became so widely known in his later

years. This last book, written in the third person, is substantially his own version of a series of promoting exploits, with violent fluctuations of success and failure, in railroad enterprise. This version differs materially from others that have been current; but the whole matter is so largely concerned with purely private and personal affairs that it need not be examined at length in this place. The other parts of the *Memoirs*, on the other hand, written in the first person, contain matter that is of value to the general history of the times — in one or two instances of unique value. Not all the narrative of military events that appears in the volume, however, is the product of personal experience and observation. The account of the battle of Chickamauga, for example, which fills sixty-seven pages, represents merely Mr. Villard's interest in an affair at which he hoped to be present but which unfortunately took place while he was down with a severe illness. Moreover the military events which fell under his actual observation are described quite as much from the official records as from his own recollection. He displays none of that jaunty confidence, so often discernible in books of this kind, that the facts which came under his own eye were necessarily the essential features of a great battle or a prolonged campaign. He frankly assumes the character of a writer of history along with that of a writer of recollections. The result is that his narratives manifest exceedingly few of those vexatious errors of well-established fact which mar even the most entertaining books of reminiscence.

Mr. Villard's personal experience, in his capacity as war correspondent of first the *New York Herald* and then the *New York Tribune*, included the battles of first Bull Run, Shiloh, Perryville, Fredericksburg, and Chattanooga and the attack on the forts at Charleston by the fleet of monitors. All these are described with some fullness, but without important contribution to existing knowledge on the subject. Of distinctly greater suggestiveness from the historical point of view are his descriptions of life and general conditions in Illinois in the six years before the war, and his account of the famous Pike's Peak gold movement of 1859, by which the fortune of Colorado was determined.

Mr. Villard's most interesting experiences in Illinois were those in which he came in close contact with Lincoln and with Douglas. With the former he was brought casually into very close relations, and he tells a story of sitting alone with Lincoln on the floor of an empty freight-car for an hour and a half one showery evening, waiting for a train at a country station near Springfield. The conversation as described puts in most vivid light the element of clownishness that was never entirely suppressed in the make-up of the great President. But with all the evidence extant of his crudeness at this period, it is hard to believe that he, a man of forty-nine, should have confided to a strange newspaper reporter of twenty-three the ambitions of "Mary" (Mrs. Lincoln) and should have repudiated them with the remark, "Just think of such a sucker as me as President!" (I, 96).

For Douglas Mr. Villard conceived much greater respect than for

Lincoln. The "Little Giant" seems to have had the same charm for the young German that won so many young American followers to his cause. Villard's first meeting with Douglass was in Washington when, as the enthusiastic twenty-one-year-old Teutonic promoter of freedom for Kansas, he actually applied to Douglas for aid in getting a fund from the government for the purchase of land on which to locate settlers from the free states. Whether the reporter does full justice to the peremptoriness with which his proposition was rejected may be doubted. Later, Mr. Villard represented the *Staats-Zeitung* at four of the meetings in the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates. He records that "the unprejudiced mind felt at once" that Lincoln's arguments were "in consonance with the true spirit of American institutions". Villard's qualifications at that time for judging "American institutions" are set in a clear light by reference to his proposition to Douglas only two years before.

In addition to his experiences with Lincoln and Douglas in his earlier years, Mr. Villard records a particularly interesting visit to Bismarck after the latter's retirement from power. This meeting with the great nineteenth-century history-maker of Europe is no less vividly described than the earlier meetings with the great men of America, and the chapters dealing with Lincoln, Douglas, and Bismarck give to the *Memoirs*, without the aid of the other matter, an important place among historical material.

WILLIAM A. DUNNING.

*The Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, 1861-1865.*

By HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 1904. Two volumes, pp. xv, 324; iii, 358.)

THE long-delayed "authoritative" life of one of the most conspicuous Americans in the period of the Civil War comes out in these handsome volumes. The immediate friends of this adopted son of Massachusetts have strangely neglected the plain duty of giving to Andrew's own generation some proper account of his striking career. Our author says modestly that "transparent" as Andrew was in his essential nature, his complete quality cannot be set forth by the pen. It is well-nigh impossible for the modern school to comprehend the conditions under which Howe, Sumner, Andrew, Higginson, and others began their campaign against slavery in New England. The enslavement of the negro has come to be regarded as an enormous accident in the development of a great people and a powerful state. Then it was held to be a disturbing cause, as important as all the powers it was throwing out of balance. In the middle nineteenth century conditions of race, economic life, evolution of government, all must be subordinated to the philanthropic plea for the black man. The nation can hardly be grateful enough to those individuals who in some way sought to free the American people from the heavy incubus of slavery, to render into practical politics the overmastering philanthropic idea.

It is not Mr. Pearson's fault that the book is late. There was ample